Of wilde *Arabia* are as through-fares now,
For Princes to come view faire *Portia*.
The watrie Kingdome, whoſe ambitious head
Spets in the face of heaven, is no barre
To ſtop the forraine ſpirits, but they come,
As ore a brooke, to ſee faire *Portia*.
One of theſe three containes her heavenly Picture.
Iſt like that Lead containes her? 'twere damnation
To thinke ſo baſe a thought; it were too groſſe
To ribb her ſearecloth in the obſcure grave:
Or ſhall I thinke in ſilver ſhee's immur'd,
Being ten times undervalewed to tryde gold.
O ſinfull thought, never ſo rich a Jem
Was ſet in worſe then gold. They have in *England*
A Coyne that beares the figure of an Angell
Stampt in Gold, but that's inſculpt upon:
But heere an Angell in a golden Bed
Lyes all within. Deliver me the Key,
Here doe I chooſe, and thrive I as I may.

Por. There take it Prince; and if my forme lie there,
Then I am yours.

Mor. O hell! what have we heare, a carrion death,
Within whoſe emptie eye there is a written ſcroule?
Ile reade the writing.

All that gliſters is not gold.
Often have you heard that told,
Many a man his life hath ſold,
But my out-ſide to behold;
Guilded Timber doe wormes infold:
Had you been as wiſe as bold,
Young in limbes, in judgement old,
Your anſwere had not been inſcrold.
Fare yee well, your ſute is cold.

Mor. Cold indeed, and labour loſt,
Then farewell heate, and welcome froſt:
Portia adiew, I have too greev'd a heart,
To take a tedious leave: thus looſers part. *Exit.*

Por.

Port. A gentle riddance, draw the
Let all of his complection chooſe me

Enter Salarino and Sola

Sal. VVhy man I ſaw *Baſſanio* u
VVith him is *Grationo* gone along;
And in their Ship I am ſure *Lorenſo*
Sola. The villaine Jew with out-
VVho went with him to ſearch *Baſ*
Sal. He came too late, the Ship
But there the Duke was given to un
That in a *Gondylo* were ſeene togeth
Lorenſo and his amorous *Ieſsica*.
Beſides, *Anthonio* certified the Duk
They were not with *Baſſanio* in his
Solan. I never heard a paſſion ſo
So ſtrange, outragious, and ſo varia
As the dogge Iewe did utter in the
My daughter, ô my Ducats, ô my D
Fled with a Chriſtian, ô my Chriſti
Iuſtice, the Law, my Ducats, and m
A ſealed bagge, two ſealed baggs o
Of double Ducats, ſtolne from me
And Iewels, two ſtones, two rich
Stolne by my Daughter: Iuſtice, f
Shee hath the ſtones upon her, and
Salar. Why, all the boyes in
Crying his Stones, his Daughter,
Solan. Let good *Anthonio* look
Or he ſhall pay for this.
Solar. Marry well remembred
I reaſoned with a Frenchman yeſ
Who told me, in the narrow Seas
The French and Engliſh, there m
A Veſſell of our Countrey richly
I thought upon *Anthonio* when h
And wiſht in ſilence that it were
Sol. You were beſt to tell *An*

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